

## Your Name On My Lips

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# **Your Name On My Lips**

by [Ilyhuuuuh](#)

## Summary

Shane gets drunk and decides to get a tattoo for his boyfriend, his boyfriend likes it. A lot.

“This is such a stupid idea, you do realize that?” He did. He really fucking did, but it was also possibly the best idea he’d ever had. Hayden had been trying to talk him out of it for the last hour, since the idea had wiggled its way into Shane’s head - to no avail, obviously.

They had gone out drinking, a rare feat for Shane, but it was the end of the season, they had made it to round two of the playoffs before Ilya and the raiders had knocked them out. He was bummed for a couple days, obviously, but they had played a hell of a season, and if Ilya managed to get another cup under his belt with the raiders before he moved to the Centaurs, it would be a good way to go. He would be proud of his boyfriend.

The night had started pretty normal, Hayden and J.J. dragged him from his apartment, promising he wouldn’t pay for a single drink tonight (which didn’t really sway him, he was rich for fuck sake), but what did it was the promise to let him drunk ramble about his sexy, wonderful, cup winning (probably) boyfriend. And so he did.

He had a couple beers, more than what he’d allow during the season, and talked their ear off. After having nobody to talk to about his gay awakening, and then tying down said gay awakening, it was good to finally have people he could rely on. Someone to sit and listen while he waxed poetic about Ilyas jawline while downing his 5th beer.

Beer number 6 had been his tipping point. They had been on their way to their third bar (J.J. said it wasn’t fun unless they bar hopped the whole street) when the neon sign caught Shane’s attention. ‘Sirens Ink’ in bright blue letters ‘walk-ins’ flashing below it.

He had never thought about getting a tattoo before, not that he didn’t like them. Ilyas collection had him drooling more than once, but he had never seen himself as the type of person to get something engraved on his body forever. He was too indecisive for that. But this. This was a good middle ground.

His friend from high school, one of the few he had kept somewhat in contact with since becoming a household name, had posted an Instagram story about his new tattoo just last week. He had his bottom lip pulled down, revealing ‘YOLO’ in bold black letters. He had been so intrigued that he’d googled ‘inside lip tattoo’ and seen a bunch of people had done it.

Most of his research had told him it hurt like hell, but it was funny seeing other peoples reactions, people didn’t often regret them, and if they did it wasn’t a big deal because people couldn’t see it unless they showed it off, the added bonus being it faded quick. At the time he had shrugged it off, and sent his friend a “cool!” DM. But walking past the shop had given him the idea, sure he couldn’t imagine getting something people would see, something people could judge just by glancing at him. But this, this he could hide. He could go about his day with nobody knowing he even had a tattoo.

So here they were. Shane sitting in the chair, Hayden pacing back and forth just a few feet to his right, and J.J. attempting to hold his phone steady as the tattoo artist set up his station, Shane holding his bottom lip down for easy access, the stencil already in place.

“You’re really going to do this aren’t you?” Hayden asked, stopping his movement and giving Shane a dejected look. Shane just shrugged and sent him the best smile he could with his bottom teeth on full display, ‘ROZANOV’ sitting pretty on his bottom lip.

“He is going to lose it!” J.J. called from his other side, Shane wasn’t sure if he was referring to Hayden or Ilya but both was probably right. That had been another hard driving point for Shane, Ilya would lose his mind, he’d take one look at the tattoo and fuck Shane into next week. He was counting on it.

The humor left Shane’s body as he heard the first buzz of the machine, sitting straighter and tugging on his lip that much more. “You ready?” The artist asked, a glint of humour in his own eyes. Shane just nodded stiffly and closed his eyes, preparing for the pain.

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It hadn’t taken half as long as Shane was banking on, thank god, but once he was done, the machine finally off, the room was silent. Shane still held his lip down, and looked toward his best friend who just rolled his eyes. He shrugged as if to say ‘well! Hows it look?’ To which Hayden scoffed and gripped his arm that wasn’t stiff, pulling him up and toward a mirror.

Shane looked at himself, his eyes slightly glazed, cheeks red, and his lip. It was bleeding slightly around the bold letters, but it looked good. It looked so good. He felt good too, branded in the most secretive way. He felt fucking beautiful, having Ilyas name on him (semi) permanently.

He laughed, the giddy sound breaking the tense room, and it put everyone else at ease, J.J. started cackling again, the tattoo artist letting out a breath and chuckling, even Hayden rolled his eyes fondly. This was such a good idea.

He wouldn’t see Ilya until they either won the cup or were kicked from the playoffs, so he had to keep it a secret, he wanted to see Ilyas reaction up close and personal. That was fine, he could keep a secret just fine.

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It was another two weeks before he seen Ilya, the raiders had lost in the final round of the playoffs, losing in game four to Florida. It was a good fight, but it just wasn’t looking good from the start, the Raiders were on fucking fire, but Florida had just been better.

Ilya was pissed, obviously. Coming that close just to lose always stung, but Shane had something to cheer him up.

Shane had been at the cottage for the last week, getting everything ready, buying ingredients for tuna melts, stocking up on ginger ale and cokes, ensuring they had enough fire wood, domestic shit they wouldn’t want to do once Ilya got there.

Today was the day, he was finally going to see Ilya again, he was counting down the seconds to hearing the keys at the front door. The tattoo had healed, it didn’t take very long for the swelling to go down, and he found himself staring at it whenever he saw a reflective surface.

He had caught himself burning a hole into the fridge with how hard he was staring, his lip tugged down, showing off the name he had screamed so many times, he couldn't imagine Ilyas reaction.

When he finally heard tires crunching in the driveway he stood, rushing to the door and flinging it open, and there he was. The love of his life, stepping out of the rental car he had insisted on, swearing to never step foot in Shane's 'embarrassing' SUV.

"I love you" he cut to the chase, not wanting to wait another second, he missed him so much. Ilya chuckled and pulled his bag out of the backseat, carrying it up to the door before dropping it at their feet and pushing Shane against the wall, planting one on him.

It was heavy, not so much sexual, more needy and wanting. "I love you" Ilya whispered against his lips, his mouth was still a little sore but it added to it. Made him ache just that much more.

"God I fucking missed you. Missed this mouth" Ilya reached his thumb across his bottom lip and Shane felt butterflies, he was so close to finding out. To seeing.

"Missed you too" he mumbled, already getting lost in the heat of Ilyas eyes. He smoothed his hand over Ilyas chest, moving it slowly to wrap around the back of his neck just to pull him in again, wanting to feel the pressure on his new ink, feel the sting on his lips.

They stayed there for a moment, hands in each others hair, tongues tracing the others lips, chests pressed together. A hard tug on his hair had Shane whining and pressing his crotch against Ilyas. Which just made him groan and roll his hips back "need to fuck you. Now."

He was already at his wits end, not even in the mood to drag it out, torturing Shane in the process, which was one of his favourite activities.

"Bedroom" Shane managed between kisses. Ilya just grunted and grabbed the backs of Shane's thighs, picking him up and heading toward the main bedroom, if it was anyone else Shane would be worried, about being dropped, or falling up the few steps they had to climb, but Ilya knew his way around like the back of his hand by now, and in no way was he letting Shane fall from his arms.

By the time Shane was set on his feet again, Ilyas hand was already halfway up his shirt, tugging it over his head and kissing down his chest. Shane moaned as Ilya took one of his nipples in his mouth, tugging it lightly with his teeth.

He made quick work of Ilyas pants, tugging them down as far as he could before Ilya kicked them off completely. They finished undressing themselves before coming back together, tongues tangled and hands wandering as Ilya pushed him onto the bed, climbing over him.

"Already prepped" he breathed out as Ilya went to lube his fingers, Ilya gave him a hungry look, he knew he was playing out one of the few times Shane had prepped himself in Ilyas presence. Ilya loved watching him.

“So good for me. My good boy” that hit him harder than it ever had before because yeah. He was Ilyas good boy, he was HIS boy, and he had the name on him to prove it.

“I have a surprise for you” Shane said, tracing his fingers up Ilyas chest, over the hammering pulse in his throat, following the line of his jaw to his chin, then hooking his thumb up to trace Ilyas bottom lip.

Ilya looked surprised already, the feeling of Shane’s feather light touch having him shivering with need.

“What is it? I know you’re not plugged baby” he teased and Shane pushed down the blush crawling up his chest, tonight wasn’t about teasing Shane to his breaking point, no. It was about bringing Ilya to his.

“I think you’ll like this one better than a plug” he said, he watched Ilya scoff, could feel the quick wit he was about to mutter to embarrass Shane even more, but it all got lost the second Shane brought his fingers to his own mouth.

Ilyas breath stuttered, his lips parting in shock, his eyes blown wide. “Shane...” he whispered, staring. Shane had pulled his lip down, showing off his new ink, his only ink. Bold black letters spelling out ‘ROZANOV’ staring back at its namesake.

“Is this?” He cut off again, as if words had been lost on him, Shane pulled his hand away, letting his lip flip back up into a smirk “real? Yeah. Got it a couple weeks-“ he was cut off by Ilyas own fingers tugging his lip, thumb in one corner, pointer finger at the other, spreading his bottom lip open to stare at his name.

“You got my name...tattooed on you?” He asked, brushing a finger from his other hand over the raised letters. Shane just nodded, his own blown eyes staring up at him.

“Fuck” was all Ilya said for a long time, caught up in looking at it, tracing over it. He managed to spit out the other man’s fingers and smile up at him “you like?” And that broke Ilyas trance, his eyes darkened, only a sliver of hazel left as he squeezed Shane’s jaw, smushing his lips together.

“Do I like? Do I like knowing that your slutty little mouth has my name written on it? Do I like knowing my name will be on your lips at all times? That when you suck my cock it’ll be my own name rubbing against me?” He growled as he moved close enough to steal the breath from Shane’s lungs.

Shane just whimpered and bucked his hips up “I was going to just fuck you but now I need your mouth, suck me off with my name right. Fucking. There” he pressed down harder on the outside of Shane’s bottom lip, and Shane was moving before he could even finish his sentence, flipping them over and crawling down Ilyas body until he was breathing on the tip of his cock.

Ilya stopped him before he could even stick his tongue out, gripping the base of his cock in one hand, and Shane’s hair in the other. He brushed the head over Shane’s lips before using his dick to pull Shane’s lip down, gliding it over the spit slicked tattoo.

He groaned and pulled his lip down until it snapped back into place. Shane opened his mouth and waited, pulling another groan from the man before he pushed down with his grip on Shane's hair, pushing him all the way to the base.

"Your fucking mouth, Hollander. Fuck" he cursed and snapped his hips up, Shane just moaned and swallowed him as best he could, taking the punishing pace Ilya had set from the start.

He tried to make it as good as he could, with Ilya controlling his movements it couldn't have been his best work, but Ilya was withering and groaning as if it was the best he'd ever had.

He pulled Shane off before yanking on his hair, causing Shane to pull himself up to Ilya's level, whining. "You're such a slut, Hollander. Getting my name on your mouth, fuck. You're begging for it aren't you?" Shane knew Ilya didn't even need a response, already pushing Shane to his back and covering his body, pushing his hips down into Shane's.

"You need my cock? Need me to fuck you so hard the only word you will remember is the one you've got on you?" Shane moaned as if Ilya was already fucking him, his body was vibrating with need. He felt so utterly fucked already, and Ilya had barely touched him.

Thankfully before Ilya said anything else, he was lining himself up, pushing at Shane's hole. "You always feel so good" Ilya moaned as he pushed in fully, not giving Shane a second to breathe before he was thrusting.

He flung his head back into the pillows, gripping Ilya's biceps to keep himself from being thrown around at the force of Ilya's movements.

"Jesus Christ" Shane groaned and pushed his hips down to meet Ilya's thrusts. "Wrong name sweetheart" he grumbled and the impending heat was already building in Shane's belly.

"Ilya" he panted, his toes curling into the sheets before Ilya lifted one of his legs, propping it up against his shoulder, hitting that much deeper. "Still wrong" Ilya moved his hand, caressing his throat before gripping it, Shane gasped and opened his eyes, looking up to see his boyfriend, sweating, panting, and staring right back at him as he pounded into Shane.

"Rozanov" he whispered, feeling the heat snap as Ilya growled, gripping his throat tighter.

He came as Ilya picked up his ruthless pace, hitting his prostate dead on every time. His back arched off the bed, even more so with the pressure on his neck. His release coating his stomach, Ilya watched it all with hooded eyes, fucking him through his orgasm.

When Shane came down, Ilya was still fucking into him, he could tell he was close. He released Shane's throat, moving his hand up to his jaw, his thumb landing on Shane's bottom lip, pulling it down to get another look as his name scrawled across it.

One more groan and Ilya was pulling out, climbing up Shane's body until he was straddling his chest, furiously working his own cock, Shane's spent cock twitched when he realized what he was about to do.

Ilya kept pressure on Shane's lip, keeping the tattoo exposed as he jerked off over his face. He gasped once more before he was cumming, ropes landing on Shane's tongue, chin, and coating the new tattoo. Ilya stared at it until his breathing returned to normal. His name. His cum. *His* mouth.

"You're going to kill me" he said, finally tearing his eyes away from his own doing.

"I thought you'd like it" Shane said, finally swallowing the mouthful of cum that had been sitting on his tongue. Ilya groaned again and fell back onto the bed.

"Is that real? You got a tattoo?" Ilya asked, almost scared. As if Shane was going to wipe it off and laugh in his face.

"It's real. J.J. has the video to prove it" Shane said, laughing at the stunned expression on his boyfriend's face.

"Show me" he demanded and Shane started laughing, Ilya pinned his arms down, a grin stretched across his own face "show me. Right now Hollander. I need to know who done that to you" he said, nuzzling his nose into Shane's cheek.

"Why? You don't like the idea of another man's fingers in my mouth?" He teased, Ilya stiffened and glared at him for a second before a smile worked its way back on his face.

"No, so I can get mine. I would look good with 'Hollander' on me, no?" And Shane's breath left his lungs. God, he'd created a monster.

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